

DC Gazette

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OCTOBER 1978

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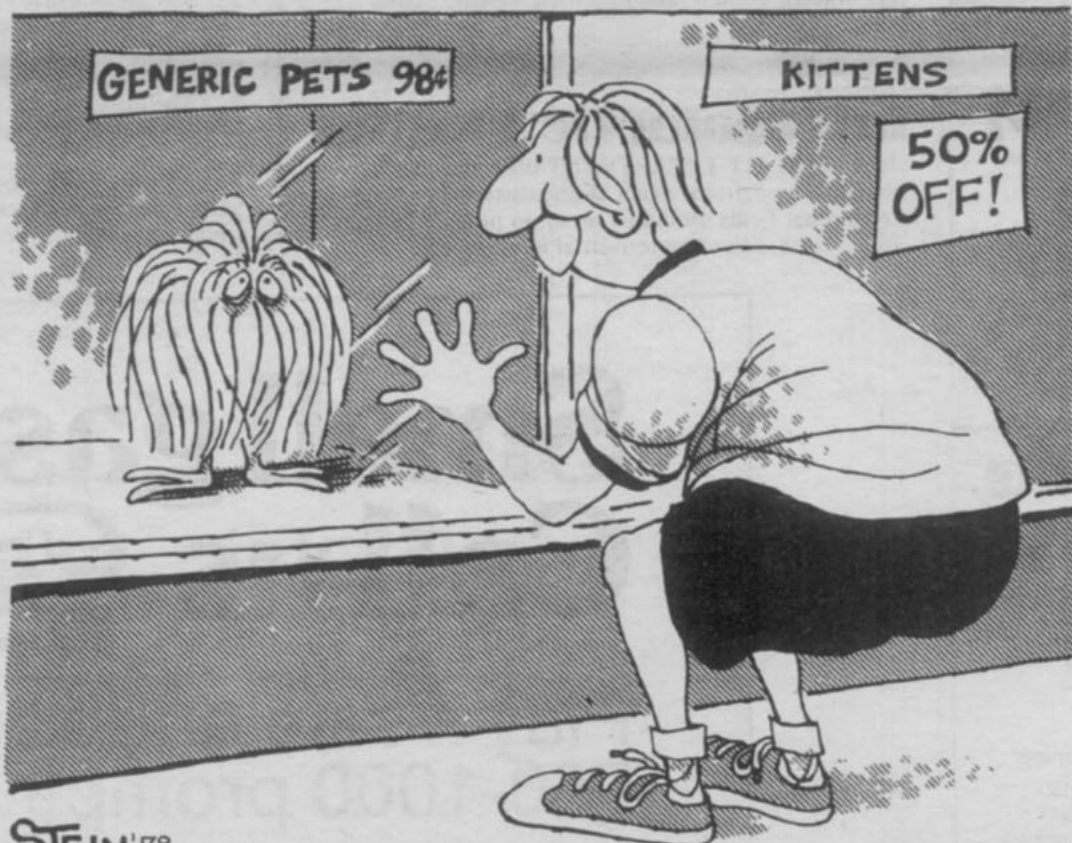
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LYNETTE FROMME — in prison in California — why? Release her now.

HOW TO EARN MONEY AS A CONSULTANT (including specimen contracts) \$27. Business Psychology Int'l, 890/24 National Press Bldg. Washington, DC 20045.

PUBLIC NOTICES

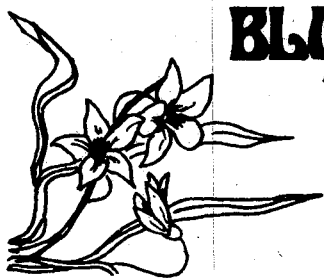
DC Public Interest Research Group has produced a comprehensive guide to women's health care services available in the District of Columbia.

The book may be purchased at the PIRG office at George Washington University, Room 421 of the Marvin Center. For an additional 50 cents (for postage and handling), it may be ordered through the mail from DC PIRG, PO Box 19542, Washington, DC 20036. The price of the book is \$2.50.

THE historic "Avenue of the Presidents" — today's bustling Sixteenth Street — is the focal point of the Eleventh Annual Dupont Circle House Tour, Oct. 15 from 1 to 5 pm.

Sponsored by the Dupont Circle Citizens Association, the tour will take visitors through 11 restored and renovated homes located within the newly established Sixteenth Street Historic District, from Scott Circle to Florida Avenue. The day will culminate in a typically Victorian high tea from 3 to 5 pm at the Universalist National Memorial Church, 1810 Sixteenth Street.

Tickets are available for \$7 on the day of the tour at 1818 Sixteenth Street. Pre-tour tickets may be purchased at the following locations: Discount Records, 1340 Connecticut Ave. NW; The Art Company, 1621 Connecticut Ave. NW; Eirinn & Company, 1524 Connecticut Ave. NW; and Angie's New Leaf, 1521 17th Street, NW. Group prices are available.



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DC GAZETTE

THE DC GAZETTE is published monthly except during the summer when it is published bimonthly. Our deadline is the second Tuesday of the month except for ads, which should be submitted by the third Tuesday of the month. The Gazette is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate and uses the services of Liberation News Service, Pacific News Service, College Press Service, HerSay News Service, and Community Press Features. The Gazette is available by mail for \$5 a year. Single copies are 50¢ if mailed and 25¢ at selected newsstands.

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DC GAZETTE

1330 CONNECTICUT AVE. NW #21
DUPONT CIRCLE DC 20009

232-5544

APPLE PIE

An American Report

Notes from the Real World

THE BLUE DENIM FAD — which has been growing wildly since the protest days of the 1960's — has suddenly started to fade.

The makers of blue jeans, both in the United States and abroad, are reporting they are experiencing a completely unexpected worldwide denim glut. Demand for the jeans, they say, has fallen way behind the expanding supplies.

As a result, several major denim-making factories in the south have reduced their work-weeks from six to four days, the J.P. Stevens company has closed down about half of its denim-producing looms; and the traditional blue jeans trend-setter, Levi Strauss, reports its second quarter profits declined by \$35 million this year.

FEDERAL DRUG OFFICIALS are estimating that marijuana has become the third biggest business in the United States, trailing behind only General Motors and the Exxon Corporation in annual dollar volume.

The Chicago Tribune quotes Federal Drug Enforcement Administration officials as calculating that Americans currently spend about \$48 billion a year to import, distribute, and purchase the illicit weed.

If that \$48 billion estimate is accurate, it would put the US pot industry well ahead of the Mobil Oil Corporation which reported an annual sales of a mere \$32 billion.

The House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control estimates that the United States exports more cash each year for marijuana than for Toyota cars, foreign TV sets, and imported footwear combined.

Intergalactic Flashes

A US STATE DEPARTMENT official suggests that an international panel of scientists and experts from other fields should be set up to prepare humans for contact with extra-terrestrial intelligences.

Michael Michaud, a deputy director of the State Department's Office of International Security Policy, stresses that he is speaking as a private researcher, not as an official government representative.

Michaud says that with powerful radio waves emanating from the Earth each day, our chances of being discovered and even visited by beings from elsewhere are increasing. He says that encounters with other life forms could be exhilarating and highly beneficial — because we would learn from advanced creatures that would seem like gods to us.

On the other hand, he warns, we might encounter an aggressive species that would wipe us out. He says we should be preparing ourselves for either kind of encounter.

Women & Men

A NEW BOOK is alleging that most of America's presidents were "Mama's boys."

Doris Faber, in *The President's Mother*, says her studies of the 38 women who mothered US presidents show the women were strong-willed and even over-powering mothers, who instilled in their sons an unwavering and sometimes almost unhealthy desire for success.

According to Faber's study, the mothers were virtually always the principal influence in their sons' early lives. Presidential fathers are reported to have made almost no impression on the future chief executives during their sons' formative years.

DESPITE its continuing controversy, abortion remains the most widely used method of birth control around the world.

The Atlas World Press Review reports that annually the global total of women who abort is 45 million — a figure which is equal to the population of Turkey, the Philippines or Thailand.

The magazine adds, however, that 150,000 women die each year from illegal abortions.

AT last count, women were earning 62 percent less than men, despite enactment of the Federal Equal Pay Act of 1964.

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Most sociologists have attributed this disparity to the fact that women were allegedly less seriously committed to work and career than their male counterparts, and that they tended to work only part-time more than men.

The Christian Science Monitor reports, however, that this explanation is not supported by recent statistical work done by Allan King of the University of Texas.

King, the newspaper reports, used 1970 census data and examined a sample of men and women professionals who had never been married.

He found that although single professional women started their careers with almost the same income as their male counterparts, their earnings began to differ very early in their careers.

While males were rewarded with a three-percent gain in income for each year of experience, women received less than a one-percent gain for each additional year they worked.

King found that women professionals thus were earning almost a third less than male professionals by their 14th year on the job.

King reports that of 34 specific professions, there were only four in which women's earnings advanced significantly more rapidly than men.

These, he says, were systems and operations research, personnel and labor relations, recreation and vocational and educational counseling.

A NEW STUDY suggests that pornography does indeed encourage violence towards women.

University of Iowa psychologist Ed Donnerstein reports he recently designed an experiment to see for himself whether or not exposure to pornography can provoke violence.

Donnerstein says he made two groups of men angry and then showed just one of the groups pornographic films.

Donnerstein reports that the group of men who viewed the films were more likely to administer electric shocks to women volunteers than were the other men who had been made angry, but had not seen the pornographic movies.

The Body Beat

THE next time you have a muscle cramp — that excruciating pain may be relieved by a short pinch of your fingers.

Sports Medicine magazine reports that in most cases of muscle cramping, a firm pinch of the upper lip between the thumb and index finger will relieve all signs of discomfort. Researchers reporting in the medical publication advise pinching the lip for 20 to 30 seconds, or for as long as it takes for the cramp to disappear.

According to the magazine, even doctors can't figure out just why this rather bizarre anti-cramping remedy works.

JOGGERS, swimmers and other physical fitness buffs who want to get in shape and stay there should be exercising at least three times a week, and probably more often than that.

A study by the American College of Sports Medicine has found that persons who exercise hard twice a week or less are probably getting little if any benefit from the workouts.

PEOPLE who meditate regularly not only have longer dreams, but also recall their dreams more frequently and in more detail than those who don't.

What's more, the dreams of meditators contain significantly more universal and moral themes than



those of non-meditators. Most non-meditators spend their nights dreaming about personal, every-day issues instead of deeper, moral themes.

All of this is according to the Journal of Analytical Psychology which reports that seven yoga practitioners were compared with a control group in laboratory experiments. The researchers concluded that meditators do experience deeper, more meaningful dreams.

THE county jailer in Aspen, Colorado, suspects there is a correlation between the eating of junk food and criminal behavior — so he's been feeding all his prisoners a health-food diet.

The Aspen Times reports that jail administrator Dave Rundle has dropped all junk foods and has been serving the inmates a diet of nuts, whole grains and vegetables.

Rundle claims that the prisoners — in his words — "notice a change in their attitudes and bodies after a diet change." Some, he says, become permanent converts to natural foods.

IF you have heart trouble, sitting next to someone who is smoking can be just as harmful as smoking yourself.

The Wall Street Journal reports that results of a study at the Long Beach Veterans Administration Hospital show that people with bad hearts are more susceptible to chest pain and irregular heart beats when sitting next to a smoker.

The Journal says the study, conducted by Dr. Wilbert Aronow, included 10 men who had suffered in the past from angina — chest pains associated with heart disease. After the 10 sat in an 11-by-12 room for two hours with three people who each smoked five cigarettes, the patients experienced increased heart rates and blood pressure. Three of them also had irregular heartbeats.

According to the Journal, Aronow found that the increased heart and blood pressure rates are due to the ingestion of nicotine.

PEOPLE who have been jogging on a regular basis for at least a year may now enjoy some benefits from their huffing and puffing in the form of lower life insurance rates.

Occidental Life of North Carolina has become the first life insurance company in the US to offer special lower rates to regular runners, swimmers or bicyclists. According to the company, any person who has engaged in at least 20 minutes of hard exercise for three or more times a week during the past year qualifies for a 20 percent reduction in insurance rates.

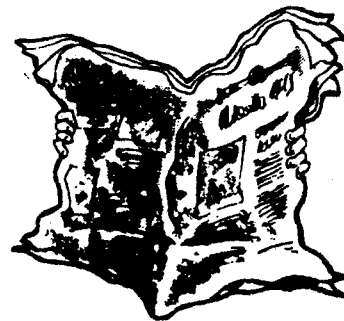
The company says it believes that people who exercise regularly are much better risks.

WEST GERMAN researchers report that garlic may help reduce the danger of heart attack, as well as prevent several other diseases.

Professor Hans Reuter of Cologne says he has proof that the herb helps clear the fat accumulating

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• PROPOSE BIKEWAYS FOR THE CITY (1968)

• PROPOSE NEIGHBORHOOD COUNCILS (1969)

• PRESENT THE CASE FOR DC STATEHOOD (1970)

• PROPOSE A SUNSHINE LAW (1971)

• REVEAL THE TRUE EXTENT OF METRO'S FINANCIAL MISMANAGEMENT (1971 on)

• PROPOSE THE REINTRODUCTION OF STREETCARS (1972)

• REVEAL MASSIVE INEQUITIES IN PROPERTY TAX ASSESSMENTS (1973)

• RAISE QUESTIONS ABOUT THE NATIONAL VISITORS CENTER BOONDOGGLE (1969 on)

The Gazette is the paper that first exposed the convention center scandal and helped defeat it the first time it went before Congress. . . that helped to kill an Urban Development Corporation scheme modelled on the now-bankrupt New York UDC. . . that was first to propose a speculation tax, property tax deferral, and homeowners' exemptions. . . that has been the leading voice in the media fighting against freeways, real estate speculation, developer landgrabs and the severest journalistic critic of the city's urban removal policies and waste in city government.

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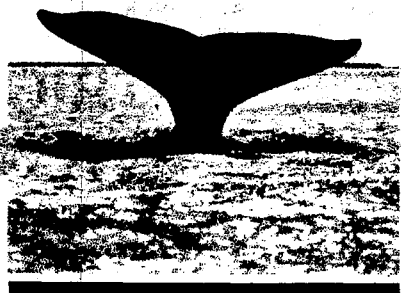
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1. Type the ad (with a good carbon ribbon) or use a black pentel pen. Copy may be no wider than 2 1/2" and no longer than 3". Single-space. Typing the ad vertically on a 3x5 file card is a good way to do this.

2. You may prepare your own camera-ready ad 3x3 or smaller.

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in the blood vessels of those who eat rich food, thereby reducing heart attack risk.

Reuter says the herb also tends to kill bacteria associated with tuberculosis and diphtheria.

Reuter admits that the smell is a drawback to the medicinal qualities of the herb. But, he reasons, "If everybody were to eat garlic regularly... the smell would bother no one."

DRINKING lots of milk may actually contribute to lower cholesterol levels in the body.

At least that's what Pennsylvania State University researcher Dr. Robert McCarthy is reporting.

McCarthy says he has isolated a compound in cow's milk which blocks cholesterol formation in the liver by interfering with certain enzyme processes.

The compound — known as "orotic acid" — says McCarthy, is present only in cow's milk but not in human milk.

McCarthy says his findings show why certain cultures such as the Masai African Herdsmen in Kenya have little or no hardening of the arteries and heart disease while their diet consists almost solely of milk and milk products.

A NEW STUDY has found that the best time to get your painful dental work done is in the morning.

Two doctors at the University of Chicago Medical School say that they have discovered that most people can tolerate more pain the morning than later in the day.

Dr. Eugene Rogers and intern Barry Vilkin report they zapped 22 volunteers with electrical current twice a day. They found that it took an average of 6.22 milliamperes to produce a good "ouch" in the morning, but only 5.61 milliamperes to bring about the same response in the afternoon.

SCIENCE MAGAZINE reports that a number of medical studies are finding a link between emotions and cancer.

The magazine quotes one University of Rochester researcher who says he gave extensive personality tests to patients with pre-cancerous conditions. That researcher says he found he could predict with a high degree of accuracy which patients would later develop cancer by spotting the ones with what he called "a feeling of hopelessness" in their emotional outlooks.

Other researchers, according to Science, have discovered that people who suppress their anger and who keep their emotions bottled up inside are higher cancer risks.

Yet another survey compared two groups of cancer patients — one group which suffered in silence, with another which complained about their diseases and about their doctors. A year later, the silent sufferers were all dead. Many of the complainers, however, were still alive... and still complaining.

WOMEN who give birth naturally using the Lamaze method of prepared childbirth have fewer and less serious complications than mothers who use more traditional delivery methods.

This is the conclusion of a study conducted by Dr. Michael Hughey at the Evanston Hospital in Illinois, comparing 500 Lamaze births with 500 deliveries involving women who gave birth by other means.

Dr. Hughey reports that his study found that Lamaze mothers experience only one-third the number of cases of toxemia in pregnancy, one-third the amount of post-delivery infection, one-fourth the incidence of caesarean section deliveries, one-third the number of breech deliveries, and one-fifth the amount fetal distress as women who had their babies using traditional types of delivery.

IN what he calls the "ultimate identity crisis," a University of Oklahoma professor reports that chimpanzees who are raised by humans think of themselves as humans.

Associate Professor Roger Fouts, who teaches chimps to communicate with humans by using sign language, reports that one human-raised chimp was

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taught to sort photographs into two piles — human and animal.

Fouts says that the female chimp put the photo of her natural father in an animal pile, but that of herself in the human pile.

The scientist reports that another chimp named Washoe, when introduced to other chimpanzees for the first time, referred to them as "black cats" and "bugs" and had trouble adjusting.

And in perhaps the saddest case, professor Fouts reports the story of a chimp named Allee, who was raised by humans who then had to give him up.

The scientist says that Allee at first seemed cheerful enough when introduced to other chimps at his new home at the Oklahoma Research Center, and played with them as if they were dogs and cats.

But then, the professor says, "something clicked" and Allee began screaming, stopped using sign language and went into a severe depression.

It took several months to bring him out of it.

Recaps

BEFORE you decide to get rid of that old car that's been giving you so much trouble, think twice: you may be able to treat your auto to a renaissance.

The whole idea is the brainchild of Willie Farah of El Paso, Texas. Farah recently came up with the scheme of buying old cars cheap and then recycling them into brand new autos.

Farah has reportedly stockpiled 3000 used autos from around the country. The cars are being broken down to the very last nut and bolt, the engines are rebuilt and the bodies and interiors are then completely refurbished — all this using the same factory specified parts the original cars had. Within three to five days, a used car is turned into a brand new model which sells for about \$3300.

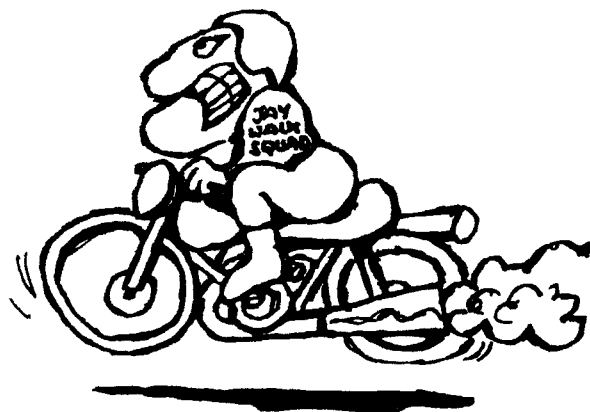
Farah calls his cars "Renaissance 78's." For example, if your old Plymouth is turned into a brand new car, its new name would be the "Plymouth Renaissance '78."

WISCONSIN has become the fourth state to enact a moratorium on the construction of nuclear power plants within its borders.

The public service commission of Wisconsin, citing unanswered cost and safety questions about atomic power, has ordered that construction of all but two nuclear power plants in that state cease immediately.

The two atomic plant sites in Wisconsin were exempted from the order, but the commission said that both will have to meet stringent requirements before they will be approved for construction.

Wisconsin's actions continue a new trend on the part of state governments to take a hard line against nuclear power. That trend began in California this spring when the state refused to exempt the now defunct Sunders plant from stringent nuclear safeguards.

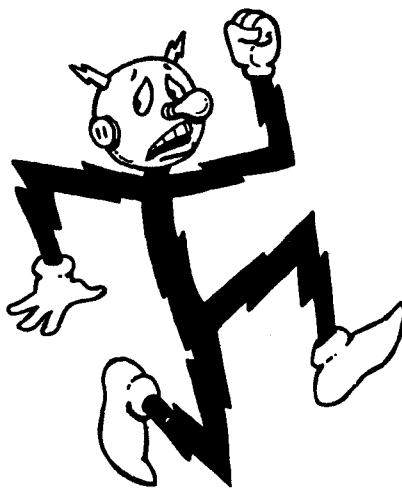


REDDY KILOWATT may cease to be the exclusive symbol of the nation's electric companies. A Washington, DC-based environmental group has gone to court seeking to have the utilities' trademark declared invalid on the grounds that it violates federal trademark laws.

The court filing by the Environmental Action Foundation is the latest move in the group's year-long legal battle with utility interests over alleged improper misuses by EAF of the well-known stick figure made of sparks, sockets and light bulbs.

Reddy Kilowatt's owner filed suit against EAF in June 1977, claiming the group had printed "unflattering" depictions of the trademark in its books and periodicals. The firm, Reddy Communications, Inc. of Greenwich, Conn., has sought thousands of dollars in damages from the environmental group.

The precedent-setting case centers on whether federal trademark laws can be used to protect a trademark from public criticism. RCI, which leases the Reddy trademark to some 150 individual power companies, has charged EAF with "trademark infringement" and "unfair competition."



EAF insists that it "is not selling anything," but uses the symbol only for editorial purposes which are protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution.

EAF took its argument a step further, charging RCI with flagrant violations of federal trademark laws.

According to EAF attorney Hadrian Katz, RCI does not set or enforce any standards for quality for the products and services represented by its trademark. Such standards, he said, are required for trademarks under federal law.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GAZETTE NOT ALONE

YOU may be interested to know that our *Anthropology Newsletter*, now in Volume 19, is also issued ten times annually.

Fred Huette Jr.
Publication Sales
American Anthropological
Association

JOBLESS EXPERT NEEDS JOB

ALTHOUGH the national unemployment rate is "only" 5.9%, I am unemployed and am writing this letter to make contact with an employer. I have been a writer since I was 16 years old, when I attended the now defunct Walden School in Washington, DC.

My most valuable academic credential is my high school diploma which I received in 1965 — not my BA in sociology from American University where I graduated as President of my Senior Class in 1970, nor my MA in sociology from NYU which I received in 1975. Walden had three teachers and from 12 to 15 students. Diplomas were hand-lettered and were on parchment, emphasizing the craftsmanship, individual expression, creative artistry and original thinking for which Walden stood.

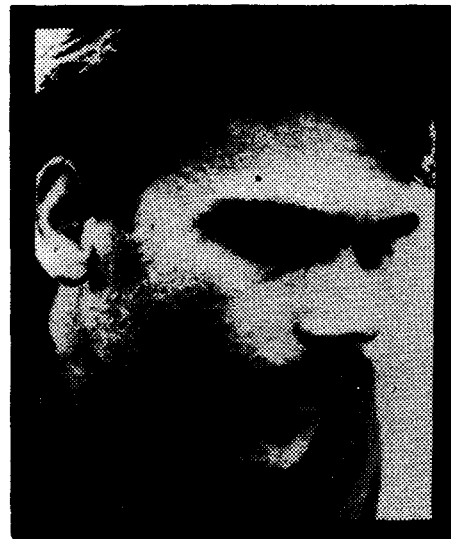
I began my commitment to a lifetime of social action while at Walden. My first community project was at age 16. Radio station WEAM offered any area high school a free record hop at that school if over one-half of the students at the school signed a petition for it. With so few students at Walden, it took only one-third of a page of signatures to get WEAM to send a disc jockey to Walden to entertain about 100 people who had heard about the event on (by coincidence) my 17th birthday, February 28, 1965.

I wrote my first book, *A Creation and Growth of Meaning* (unpublished), within 20 months of my high school graduation. This prepared me to write *How to Collect Unemployment Benefits: Complete Information for All 50 States*, with support from the defunct *Daily Rag*, which sold 35,000 copies in paperback.

As you may have read in the Sunday, September 2 "Outlook" section of the *Washington Post*, President Carter has not asked either Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall or Secretary of HEW Joseph Califano for in-depth research into transfer payment programs, so many logical job openings for a person with my expertise do not exist. Also, there is no "claimant's rights" organization in DC.

Why not give me a call (431-3969) if you have a job opening.

Raymond Avrutis



Dr. Mykola Plakhotnyuk is suffering involuntary

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in the Soviet Union. His "crime": Distributing a human rights journal.

Mykola Plakhotnyuk and half a million other "prisoners of conscience" are in jails around the world, not for anything they've done, but for what they believe. Help us help them. Write—

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IT'S ONLY A FEW MORE months 'til the annual Gazette awards issue. If you know someone who deserves a best or worst of Washington award — or just something funny that happened this year, let us know.

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Sunshine of Ray

WHEN YOU think about it, the one person who may have made the biggest difference to the Barry campaign was someone who didn't join it until the late hours: erstwhile mayoral candidate John Ray. Ray, who had attracted interest from not a few of the city's liberal voters, certainly would have pulled enough votes away from Marion to have defeated him. Instead, at a critical point, he backed Barry. Nothing so became his race as the leaving of it.

Doll watching

WITH a few exceptions, Marion Barry in 1978, Cliff Alexander in 1974 and Channing Phillips in 1971, all got their support from the same places. The percentages of each candidate's total vote from six of the city's wards has not varied more than 3 percentage points. Based on these three Democratic primaries a liberal candidate can expect to get 8-11% of their total vote from Ward 1, 10-11% from Ward 2, 16-19% from Ward 4, 13-14% from Ward 5, 12-14% in Ward 7 and 6-9% in Ward 8.

Ward 3, however, gave Channing Phillips 21% of

Our Endorsements

ALTHOUGH it seems superfluous to bother with endorsements for the general election, it may serve as reminder that it is possible for some of the candidates you nominated in the Democratic primary to be defeated. So be a good sport and go to the polls once again. And remember: wearing an "I Voted" button in November when you only voted in September is foul play.

There are, in fact, a couple of races of more than passing interest. In Ward Six, we feel that Anton Wood, the Statehood Candidate, would be a much better representative on the city council than the incumbent, Nadine Winter. Anton has been a neighborhood commissioner, active in the fight against the convention center and for consumer equity in the utility field. He is also an erstwhile contributor to the Gazette, so take that into account and vote for him anyway.

Hilda Mason, the last of the red-hot believers, is also running for re-election. She has some opposition, but even if she didn't she deserves your vote as a way of saying thank you for her excellent service on the city council.

Also, please remember that it is possible for Marion to lose. Arthur Fletcher is running an aggressive campaign, is cozying up with the ministers and promising to put a dent on taxes (although he won't tell us where he's going to cut city government.) He's in the tradition of politicians who like to start helping the city at the top, but the fact that he hasn't done much for this town makes it difficult to find fault with his promises — he hasn't broken any before because he hasn't made any. If the Democrats are lazy and don't bother to vote in November he just might sneak in.

One other note: Bernice Just, a candidate in the Ward Five imbroglio, dropped us a line during the campaign, asking why we had made no endorsements in her ward. Bernice is a fine person and would have made an excellent council member. The problem is, to our distress, we have few readers in Ward Five. We have decided only to endorse candidates in those wards where we have enough readers that our thoughts might have some effect and not appear as outside interference.

So, here are our choices for the November election:

FOR MAYOR: Marion Barry

FOR CITY COUNCIL AT-LARGE: Betty Ann Kane and Hilda Mason

FOR WARD ONE COUNCILMEMBER: Dave Clarke

FOR WARD THREE COUNCIL MEMBER: Polly Shackleton

FOR WARD SIX COUNCILMEMBER: Anton Wood.



his votes in a three-way 1971 primary but only 14% of Alexander's votes. Barry got 18% of his votes from Ward 3. And Ward 6, which gave Phillips only 9% of his 1971 vote, has been steadily moving towards liberal candidates. Cliff got 11% of his votes there, Marion 14%. The result was that while Wards 3, 4, and 6 gave Barry nearly half of his total vote, the best wards for Alexander and Phillips were 3, 4 and 5.

Although there is a belief that Ward 3 voters disproportionately affect such primaries, the fact is that in these three primaries Ward 3 cast between 13 and 14% of the vote, or only slightly more than the 12 1/2% that would be cast if each ward voted equally.

Astrodud falters

AS WE go to press, there are signs that Senator Leahy is not going to fall for city hall's mythical spin-off figures on the Astrodud. Leahy told the city to come up with hard commitments for development that would result from the convention center. According to the Post, a "Leahy aide said the city's list — which detailed \$42 million worth of projects — seemed actually to provide only \$2.9 million to \$5.6 million of the necessary \$7.5 million in new tax revenues."

Of course, even if the center does produce some new tax revenues, no one has ever bothered to analyze whether the \$99 million investment might produce better social or economic effects if spent elsewhere. Like the Metro system, the convention center has been from the start a conclusion in search of justifications. The city and its consultant (whose sister corporation, we must note wearily once more, would be a beneficiary of the center) have whimsically flipped figures and toyed with the design to the point that it's almost futile to make any sense out of them. But to put this spin-off business in perspective, we would like to suggest that the city government repaint your editor's house and repair his porch. We have a positive commitment from the assessor that he will more than recoup the investment in spin-off tax revenues next year. A spin-off is a spin-off is a spin-off, as Gertrude used to say.

The city council, which has been bamboozled on this business from the start, voted unanimously to send the scaled-down center plan to the Hill. While it can be argued that Senator Leahy should not block the city from doing what it wants — even if it is wrong, we hope he will at least slow things up until the people as well as their legislators have a say. Efforts are underway to force a referendum on the issue. The Post poll (you remember, the folks who said Barry would lose) claims that a majority of the city's Democrats favor the plan. But that doesn't mean much at this point, since most voters don't even know what the fight is about. While it's entirely possible that commercial interests could buy a referendum just as they have appeared to bought the council's acquiescence, we'd like to see it given a whirl.

Meanwhile, it's nice to know that common sense is alive and well in Vermont.

A housing plan, at last

READERS long in memory may recall our esoteric mention some years back of the Massachusetts housing finance agency, and how it might be a model for a housing program in DC. We are happy to report that the city council has now approved such an agency, which will help developers who provide mixed income housing and individuals who find obtaining mortgage money difficult. Money for the program would come from selling bonds, which would be paid off by mortgage holders — and not the city government. Of course the success of this program depends upon the imagination and care with which it is run, but at least the city finally has something it can call a housing program.

It has not moved with alacrity. Forty-one states already have such programs. Sterling Tucker began pushing the idea, it should be noted, only after his beloved scheme for a land-grabbing urban development corporation with powers of eminent domain wouldn't float.

Whatever happened to usury?

DAVE CLARKE AND HILDA MASON were the only two councilmembers to vote against an 11% limit on mortgage interest rates, an increase that ironically was voted upon the same day as the housing finance agency. What the lord giveth the lord can take away — sometimes at the same legislative session.

They don't like us

WALTER FAUNTROY is chugging around the US, trying out his arithmetic of power on the state legislatures, who don't seem overly impressed with his arguments that DC should be represented in Congress. Although DCers have long taken umbrage at the sort of derogation of the city that goes on in the pages of the Congressional Record, it seems praise in comparison to what they're saying about us in the hinterlands.

The arguments range from the baroque to the overtly racist, and appear complicated by a national confusion over whether DC is the crime capital or a place that already has so many of the good things of life that it doesn't deserve any more.



When the Barry Goldwaters and Strom Thurmonds began sounding sympathetic, the handwriting was on the wall. It became apparent up on the Hill, what with elections and black voters and such, that the way to deal with this pesky little matter was to approve it and then send it unarmed into the jungles of the state legislatures. These new converts to DC representation undoubtedly knew what would happen when the folks back home heard about it. They would treat it with all the kindness of the Milwaukee Sentinel:

"... District citizens are not unrepresented now. Everyone of the 535 members of Congress, in fact, has a vested interest in the well-being of Washington, DC. It is a privileged sanctuary run by and for the benefit of Congress and the federal bureaucracy. . . . It should also be noted that, while cities like Milwaukee must beg and scrape to win bureaucratic approval of federal buildings and post offices to enhance and stimulate business development in their downtowns, Congress, on its own volition, is building ostentatious, costly and unnecessary edifices in Washington one after another."

With this sort of willingness to let our rights die for the federal government's sins, the prospects for the amendment do not look bright. We have a suspicion that Walter has been flim-flammed and that when he opens the envelope again he's going to find there's nothing in it.

Those in the statehood movement have mostly kept a polite silence through all the representation furor. Fauntroy and his goo-goo friends had the court and they might as well play without harassment. But at some point we're going to have to face again the fact that representation is not self-government and that even as a step towards it it may have serious limitations, including the wording of the amendment, which might preclude statehood without another constitutional amendment, depending upon how the courts view it.

But for the time being, we might as well give Fauntroy some more time. After all, he's the only Walter we've got anymore. Besides, he has enough problems. No sooner had the amendment left Washington when Julian Bond said he was thinking of migrating to Washington and running for the Sen-

ate if representation was ratified. He told the Atlanta Constitution, "It's kind of a joke among many black politicians. They run into each other and ask, 'When are you moving?'"

With this sort of attitude from our friends, who needs enemies?

Times change

SPEAKING of statehood, the Post quoted UVA law professor Stephen A. Saltzburg in response to Gary Will's pseudo-constitutional attack on representation. Saltzburg's comments would apply as well to statehood. He said: "It must be remembered that there was no District at the time the Constitution was drafted and ratified. . . . It must be recognized that even in 1801 it was impossible for those members of Congress who took away the vote from District citizens to anticipate the precise future development of the nation. When it is recalled that entire races of people, women, non-property holders and others were denied the right to vote, it is not hard to see why assumptions as to the adequacy of representation of all by a few might have been acceptable then, but not now."

City facts

ACCORDING to DHR, DC now ranks fifth among 25 large US cities in the proportion of its population on welfare. This may be less a tribute to improved economic conditions than to the unavailability of low income housing and the high cost of living. . . . L.B. Wood, an assistant professor at the University of Rhode Island, has done a study of censorship attempts at educational institutions between 1966 and 1975. According to the study, reported in the September edition of Library Journal, Washington DC has the highest ratio of censorship attempts to population of any of the 51 present or future states. The DC figure was six times the national average.

Tuckerania

OUR favorite quote from the recent campaign came from the mouth of Sterling Tucker, who said during the final debate, "What's going to happen in the next 25 to 30 years will be determined in the years ahead."

Furthermore. . .

A TIP OF THE HAT to Congressman Don Fraser who lost in his attempt to become a US senator. Fraser was the father of neighborhood commissions here, fought to save them when even some of our notable local politicians were trying to sabotage them. He is one of the few members of Congress who has bothered to try to make this a better place.

OUR lead-of-the-month award goes to Steve Colter of the Afro who wrote after the election: "In the back of everybody's subconscious dream — like Professor Moriarty to Sherlock Holmes — there looms a dark armor-clad knight astride a black steed, who sometimes gallops through to conscious reality, as did unofficially declared mayor-elect and dark-horse spoiler Marion Barry in the Democratic primary." We understand that Steve is recovering nicely, however, and no longer has visions of Professor Moriarty galloping around armor-clad outside Precinct 89.

MOTHER JONES has a fine article in its Sept-Oct issue on the huge and secretive Bechtel Corporation. The article only mentions in passing Bechtel's substantial role in building the Metro but does note that the company has a tradition of underestimating costs and has close ties with the CIA. Bechtel is currently building Jubail, a new city in Saudi Arabia. It's original estimate was \$9 billion for the job but the New York Times has said the cost may now run as high as \$45 billion.

the FREEDOM CLUB

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LABOR DAY this year came and went, but still no settlement between the newspaper guild and the Post, despite 68 meetings on a new contract since October 1976.

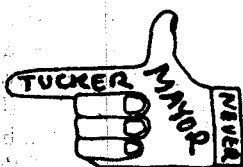
VINCENT REED says that unless the school system gets all the money it has requested, 224 teachers will have to be cut from the payroll next year. If you want to do something about this, now's the time, not next fall.

DEVELOPER RAYMOND HOWAR was a supporter of Sterling Tucker's but he also gave money to Walter Washington, offering an unusually candid explanation to the Washington Post: "I frankly felt it appropriate. . . I do have an appointment from him (to the DC Rent Control Commission.) Also I've known him for a long time."

KIRK WHITE has left the Municipal Planning Office to work for those eminent attorneys to the landed gentry, Linowes & Blocher. He says, "They made me an offer I couldn't refuse." Which is what they used to say about the firm at MPO.

THE Gay Activist Alliance scored almost 100% in the Democratic primary. Candidates getting their top rating won every seat except in Ward Five.

THE Near Southeast Neighborhood Commission has voted support of a referendum on the convention center issue. The North Cleveland Park-Forest Hills Neighborhood Commission has voted to oppose the center.



PUBLIC NOTICES

Senior citizens living in the Connecticut Avenue area between Calvert and Van Ness Streets have a new shopping service. A bus and driver are being provided on Thursdays by the Jewish Council for the Aging in cooperation with St. Thomas the Apostle Catholic Church and All Souls Memorial Episcopal Church to transport senior citizens to and from grocery stores in the Van Ness area. The bus will run along Conn. Avenue and there is a donation of 50¢. Info: Linda Canfield (881-8782) or Sister Rachael Marie (234-1761).

For the first time ever, a study is being done on the history of the tenants movement in the US. And a chapter has been reserved on the DC experience with urban renewal and people removal in the 1950s. We're looking for anyone who was involved in that struggle, or who might join us in doing the research. Call the Tenants History Project at 737-3703.

Simple home maintenance is explained in a booklet offered free to consumers by the Washington Gas Light Company. The booklet is called "Maintenance in the First Degree." The booklet provides instructions on how to replace broken windows, fix leaking faucets, install plastic storm windows and attic insulation. A copy can be obtained by calling the gas company at 750-1000.

The Open University is offering area adults an unending list of fun classes and activities for the fall. Heading the list are classes in bagel making, tap dancing, singing, auto repair, calligraphy, Mexican cooking, juggling, massage, gallery tours, racquetball, filmmaking, needle-

point. . . over 200 classes to fill your needs. Classes are informal and non-credit. Most classes meet in teachers' homes and community rooms. To receive a free catalog listing all of the classes and activities offered call 332-6060.

DO YOU KNOW that there is a Canadian Club of Washington? We have monthly functions such as dinner theater, races at Charles Town, an oyster roast, a Christmas party, an annual ball, etc. If you are interested in becoming a member, please call 585-9485 after 6 pm.

THE DRAMA Department of Catholic University is offering two 20-hour sessions to all business and professional women to assist them in developing more vocal authority. Classes start mid-October. Info: Fay Jennings, Drama Dept., CU, 635-5364.

A COALITION OF PEACE and human rights groups has announced plans to hold a major protest demonstration in front of a weapons arms display convention sponsored by the Association of the United States Army. Organizers of the October 16th protest at the Sheraton Hotel say they hope to call national attention to what they describe as 'arms bazaars' which are held periodically for Pentagon leaders by private arms makers.

The coalition says that these elaborate displays are staged to promote and sell sophisticated new weapons systems both to the US Defense Department and military governments abroad. The coalition includes Sane, Mobilization for Survival, Women's Strike for Peace and Clergy & Laity Concerned.

Where to Call for City Services

EMERGENCY CALLS

AMBULANCE	911
FIRE	911
POLICE	911
POISON CONTROL CENTER	745-2000
SUICIDE PREVENTION	727-3622
FAMILY EMERGENCY (Lodging)	678-8800
24-HOUR PROTECTIVE SERVICE FOR CHILDREN	727-0995
CHILD ABUSE OR NEGLECT	626-2327
24-HOUR DRUG OVERDOSE	727-0474

GENERAL INFORMATION

Mayor's Office	629-4555
Public Affairs Office	629-2977
Information, D.C. Government	629-2481
D.C. Government Complaint Center (operated by volunteers) (9 a.m. - 2 p.m.)	393-3333
D.C. Council	724-8000

COMPLAINTS

Abandoned Auto	629-3825 or 399-4600
Air Pollution	767-7372
Alcoholic Beverage Control Board	727-3096
Animals (Dead)	629-5017
Auto Repairs and Sales	727-3947
Business Complaints	727-3666
Consumer Complaints	727-1158
Consumer Retail Credit Complaints	727-3975
Discrimination	727-3100
Drug Control	724-4358
Environmental Alert Center	399-4600
Erosion	767-7614
Food Inspection Service	724-4113

Hazardous Chemicals	724-4113
Home Improvements	727-1158
Housing Violations	724-4414
Industrial Safety	832-1230
Noise Pollution	724-4358
Rats, Roaches (general) on residential property, alleys, streets	576-7187
commercial property, vacant land, public space	724-4414
food stores, drug stores, restaurants	724-4113
park property	426-6700
Rent	724-5600
Small Claims Court	727-1760
Television and Radio Repairs	727-3975
Traffic Signals (malfunctioning)	629-3227
Transportation (Metro Bus and Rapid Rail Transit)	637-1328
Trash and Garbage	629-3825 or 399-4600
Utilities (gas, electricity, telephone)	727-3065
Wage and hours	727-2118
Water and Sewer Bills	629-3181
Water Pollution	767-2767
Water Supply	282-2767

SOME OTHER FREQUENTLY CALLED NUMBERS

Abortions Resident	626-5288
Non-resident	724-5466
Aged	724-5626
Birth Certificate	727-3459
Boards, Committees, Commissions	629-5426
Child Support	724-8811
Day Care Services	727-0868
D.C. General Hospital	626-5000
D.C. Register	727-3124
Death Certificate	727-3459

Department of Human Resources' Information and Referral Services	724-5466
Divorce	727-1998
Dog Pound	576-6664
Driver's Permit	629-3751
Employment, D.C. Government	629-2848
Food Stamp Program	727-0858
Foster Care	727-0894
Funeral and burial for needy	724-5497
Glenn Dale Hospital	577-6000
Guns, registration	626-2585
Handicapped	724-5466
Health Centers	724-5466
Human Rights Office	727-3133
Income Tax	629-3324
Jail, D.C.	727-1500
Jobs, D.C.	629-2848
Latino Affairs Office	724-5618
Legal Assistance	628-9161
Libraries, Public Reference Service	727-1111
Licenses and Permits Business	727-1126
Occupational and Professional	727-3645
Marriage License	727-3673
Medicaid	727-1870
METRO (Bus and Rapid Rail Transit System)	724-5173
Neighborhood Legal Services	637-2437
Public Defender Service	628-9161
Recreation Permits	628-1200
Block Parties	727-3122
Parades	626-2305
Picnics and Recreation facilities	673-7646
Tennis	673-7646
Rent Control	724-5600
Schools, D.C. Public	724-4044
Tenant Hot Line	727-4919
Voting	347-6383



OMIGOD, WE WON!

A FRIEND of historical inclinations tells me that it's the first time in twelve years of publishing that all the Gazette-endorsed candidates have won. I have been wandering around for several weeks now, half delighted and half disoriented. For the first time in more than a decade, I find myself a member of the establishment.

Like almost everyone else, I didn't expect it to happen. My best hope was four more years of benign neglect under Walter Washington, my worst that Sterling Tucker would take over with his cynical pragmatism. I was depressed, and felt a flagging interest in the whole business. I wondered whether I would be satisfied with the idea that writing wasn't meant to change anything, but only to keep the possibility of change alive. "Seize the time," Bobby Seale had rightly warned in the sixties. Ten years later the time seemed long past.

And then Barry won. It was, to be honest, an accident. One on one against either Washington or Tucker, there is serious doubt it would have happened. Another week more or less in the campaign it might not have happened. Barry won because this city's election laws allow people to win with only one-third of the voters behind them and in this three-man race Barry had the biggest third.

The laws don't make sense; they are anti-democratic, except that they do permit minority candidates to win from time to time, a kind of random dispersal of power which in this case, for a change, favored the progressive forces of the city.

This accident may change the politics of the city but it does not, of itself, indicate that the politics have already changed. With the exception of 1968, when the progressives won on the coattails of Bobby Kennedy, only Clifford Alexander has come even close to creating a majority progressive coalition in a Democratic primary and he fell eight points short.

Barry, of course, can alter this, either by being such a good mayor that he becomes the majority choice or by, more expediently, moving right to pick up new constituencies. The people who voted for Barry can not afford to take him for granted.

In fact, the kindest thing any of Marion's supporters can do after he is in office is keep on his case. One of the differences between progressives and conservatives in this town is that the former work harder during elections and the latter work harder in between. More than one progressive office-holder has complained privately that they get much more pressure from the commercial lobbies than from citizen groups and that it is inevitable that government actions reflect this.

This could change if parents spoke as loudly as the teacher's union. If neighborhood commissions recognized their inherent political clout and organized to use it rather than restricting themselves to the role of official civic associations. If there was an issue-oriented citizens coalition less weak-kneed than the League of Women Voters or Common Cause. If people made use of their new power of referenda and initiative.

The danger to Barry comes not only from the pressures of other constituencies but from the complacency of his own. Marion can not be a really good mayor without pressure to be so.

I THINK Marion will make it, though. I've had my share of squabbles with him and expect to have more. But, in part, he has himself to blame. For Marion, more than anyone else, is responsible for me dropping out of the establishment in the first place. He is one of the reasons there is a Gazette. I was pretty much a Hubert Humphrey liberal until I got mixed up with Marion, SNCC and the Free DC Movement. We were both in our twenties then. Although I had been intensely dissatisfied at college, that was ten years before it became fashionable to be so. And though I had already discarded conventional journalism, I was still looking for a structure for my discontent. Marion had a focus, energy, courage and selflessness that I found remarkable, and so while I tried to help him in small ways dealing with the press, I think in retrospect he helped me far more.

During the campaign, I felt a tinge of anger when I read about Marion's "growth" from a "dashiki militant" to a respectable politician, as though somehow those earlier times were a mistake that Barry tacitly admitted and the media and public tolerantly accepted — like the ex-fraternity drunk turned bank vice president.

It wasn't like that at all. Marion was not being irresponsible back then, just conscientious. He took self-government too seriously and economic justice too much to heart for the times. The times rejected him but could not reject what he was talking about.

It's funny how the style is remembered but not the cause, I guess that's because enough of the cause has been won to dim the memory of the anger and the pain before it was so. It seems like we've been electing mayors forever, that blacks have always run the city government.

Marion didn't talk about all that much, because people don't want to hear how hard it was to bring change. It can be an embarrassment — for some because they didn't help enough and for others because they opposed it. In the black civil rights movement then, Barry was a maverick, a spoiler, just as he was when he ran for mayor. He didn't play the game according to laws of succession or with futile propriety. Even back then, before there were any city offices to run for, a pecking order had been established, but Marion refused to stand in line. Someday someone's going to look into all that happened in DC in the sixties and when they do, it's going to sound very contemporary.

During the time that Marion ran SNCC he fought hard and rough, but with principle. He drove himself to exhaustion, but somehow there was always a little more energy and lots more imagination. I am still amazed that Barry thought that it was possible to discover the true ownership of all the housing in the city, a vital truth if economic boycotts were to be organized against slumlords; that he thought it might be possible to take over one of the largest cooperatives in the country and turn it towards city-directed service. These projects ultimately failed but no one had even tried before.

The thing, though, that perhaps surprised me most of all was that this street fighter was a gentle and decent person. I've known many politicians and activists who become shells when you strip them of their cause. Marion wasn't like that. He had something more.

It's been many years since I stood on a street corner trying to convince a TV camera crew to wait just a few minutes more because Marion really was going to show up for his press conference, since a two am phone call saying that Marion was in jail again. Marion moved on: to Pride, the school board, the city council and so forth. I stuck at what I was doing, prodded in part by the example Marion had set. From time to time Marion would do something that would anger me and from time to time he would be annoyed at something I had written. I didn't like everything Marion had become or the compromises he had made and I sometimes veered towards the view of those who saw him as one more political hustler in a town too full of them.

But when it came around to campaign time, Marion began looking good again and each time I supported him, knowing that however short he might fall of what I thought he could be or what he said he was, he was far better than what else there was.

Besides I knew the difference between writing about politics and being in politics. Politics is the football of life, a brutal contact sport in which even the strongest end up battered and shattered, less than they were when they started.

As this campaign wound down, I thought maybe this would be the last time I'd have to oscillate in my feelings about Marion. He would lose, perhaps get bored of the whole thing and maybe I would, too. Only it hasn't worked out that way. Instead, this guy who helped teach me why you shouldn't trust city hall was going to be running the place.

I think he'll do a good job. He's got the decency, brains and sensitivity to do so. He really cares about the things that are wrong, believes that they can be made right, and has a better feel than most politicians how to go about doing it. He also understands the diversity of this town and how to keep that diversity from turning into disunion.

I suppose, not long after the action starts, we'll have our differences. I hope they remain as they have been in the past, largely over how to achieve an objective rather than over whether you should bother. And I hope that when he runs for re-election I'll feel the same way I did this year, that despite these differences, the future would be much more difficult without his help.

I really shouldn't be writing about it as though it's a fair accompli. Marion could still lose the November election — especially if his supporters consider it won. I don't want to act like that but I can't keep myself from talking like that.

You see, it's just not that often that things in this town suddenly seem to go right. I'm going to enjoy it while I can. Tomorrow may be tough once more, but right now things are fine. It's a lovely moment when you can hope again.

—SAM SMITH

CITY WORKERS WHO CARE

KIM ROUDEBUSH

ALTHOUGH there are many in this town, including the Gazette, who like to complain about what city employees are doing with our taxes, the fact is there are lots of DC staffers who give us more than our money's worth. Kim Roudebush set out to find some examples, and in this two-part series, tells us about just a few of the city workers who care.

The Assistant to the Executive Secretary

WHETHER it is an inquiry about city legislation, or a request to block off a street for a parade or even the mayor's assistant stopping by to ask for a band-aid for his cut finger, Robert Moore, assistant to the Executive Secretary, can be depended upon.

Moore didn't gain his position overnight. The native Washingtonian began work for DC twenty-eight years ago as a GS-1 file clerk for the city library before being able to finish his college education at DC Teacher's College.

In 1968, Moore became an assistant to the city council. Finally in 1976 he was transferred to his present position.

Moore said his climb up the government ranks was as "hard as hell" yet his struggles have paid off. Moore shuns his official title claiming that he is a servant of the people.

"It is not important who one is in life but what he is inside," he said.

Moore is best known around the District Building for his publication of the DC Register, a weekly bulletin listing legislative and administrative activities of the city government.

When Moore took over the operation, the Register was one quarter million dollars in debt. Through changes in the management techniques alone, Moore was able to lower the Register's deficit to \$30,000.

The Register requires 10,000 pages of type annually, both sides of the page. Moore credits the mass publishing to council members' introducing legislation when they know it will fail but will have political appeal.

"We print a lot of garbage that everyone knows will not pass," Moore says.

Moore has made the Register's publishing more efficient by requiring each office to purchase its own copies.

"When agencies have to pay for their copies it reduces the amount purchased and thus the printing cost," he explains.

He also requires city agencies turning in late copy to pay for their own supplement to be printed. Prior to Moore, several hundred supplements were printed annually. Since Moore took over, only four or five supplements are printed each year.

"I have rigid rules about timing but every Friday at noon, anyone can walk into my office and pick up their copy of the Register."

He also prints a quarterly index and cumulative index summarizing the city's legislative actions.

Moore hates the phrase 'boss.' "I answer my own calls just like anyone else in the office. People know I'm the boss. I don't have to act like I'm above anyone."

Moore sets the tone for the entire office. One day he decided to wash his desk and scrub down his office. The staff followed suit and soon the office sparkled. Moore didn't believe buildings and grounds personnel should be responsible for keeping his desk clean.

Moore's staff answers nearly 150 inquiries daily on a wide range of issues. A young girl from Ireland once wrote about a souvenir ashtray she had lost while sightseeing in Washington. Moore's administrative assistant, Gwen Bohlmeke, located an identical ashtray and sent it on to the girl.

Moore is known for his frankness. Speaking of the remodeled offices being installed in the District Building he says, "Think how many housing projects could have been initiated with the million dollars it took to remodel these offices. People out there aren't going to be helped by fancy offices."

"It's not what we look like but it's the kind of service that counts."

His job brings him the most satisfaction when he knows he has helped some one.

"I plan my day to accommodate people. Even if I have to stay until six or seven o'clock. I can go home with a smile."

"You can't change the system outside by rattling the bars. You must come in and try to make a difference."

Moore doesn't take advantage of the fringe benefits his position offers. For instance, Moore takes the subway to work instead of driving his car and using his assigned parking place.

"People ask me why I don't drive to work every day. I'm just afraid I'll get too comfortable with this position."

Moore grew up never experiencing such luxuries.

"I'm a ghetto kid. My mother died when I was three and my father died when I was in high school. I lived in many junky places, some even without johns. The road I took was hard and exhausting. We went days without food. I had to be on my own but this has developed some deep spiritual values."

Moore calls himself a religious man. He attends an Episcopal church with his family.

Often times, workers ask him how he stands up to pressure.

"I have the good Lord taking care of me," Moore replies.

Because of Moore's frank honesty with others, he says he could not work with council members. He cited one councilwoman who "kicked and screamed" until she got her way. Her staff catered to her every need the louder she yelled. He said he couldn't put up with that type of "fussiness."

"There comes a time when you have to stand up and be a man. I have one Master and He's in heaven."

Moore also said he could not "play up" to anyone's expectations.

"I want people to like me because of what I do. I survive on my abilities."

Moore views prestigious positions in the city government differently than most workers.

"Someone once asked me who the most important person in this government is. I told them Richard Carter. Richard Carter is the Xerox man in the basement of this building. He puts together all the council members' papers for their meetings. If they don't have papers, there is no meeting. And none of those turkeys on the council are going to Xerox those pages for themselves."

Once Moore tried to get a raise for Carter and failed because Carter was only rated a GS-3 worker which signifies "menial labor."

"I'd fire one of those executive assistants sitting on their fannies getting \$25,000 a year before I'd fire Richard," Moore says.

Moore admits his alienation with bureaucracies makes him a difficult person to get along with at times. He credits his wife of 26 years with being able to understand him.

"She's stuck it out. She quiets me down. You see, I'm a hard, hard person to get along with, but she's never used a harsh word."

Moore has three sons. His oldest works for the Air Force, the second works for the Board of Education and his youngest son attends Coolidge High School.

"I'm just an average guy doing my job. That's what we all are. I'm a civil servant. People are what's important."

The Homicide Secretary

FILING, typing, answering the office phone may seem routine tasks, but not to Nancy Drummond.

Her files record the details of a person's death and typing means putting together statistics about murder cases for court room evidence and a phone call could be an hysterical wife calling about her husband's death. Drummond is secretary for the municipal homicide detective division. She handles cases for 38 detectives.

"This office is the best unit in the department. They're more tolerable and we don't have any personality problems. It's like a family," Drummond says.

After nine years in the division, Drummond says she still looks forward to getting up every morning for work.

"You have got to have something behind you to get up at 5:00 am every morning. I work from 6:30 am to 3:00 pm. I like the people. You meet so many each day here."

Drummond's responsibilities include logging the deaths handled by the homicide squad. Last year, the squad investigated 2,500 deaths ranging from natural causes to homicide victims. The division does not deal with traffic deaths. Each deceased person must have a record filed concerning the cause of death, suspects, defendants, family members involved and other information. The files are kept for lawyers' reference and court trials.

"There's always someone looking up information about a deceased person," Drummond says.

"You can't get personally involved or else you become a wreck. Everyday I sit down with a piece of paper and that paper represents a dead person. You just can't take it seriously."

Drummond must explain the details of a death to sometimes hysterical family members.

"I tell them they must calm down before I can explain anything to them or else they won't understand and they'll come back just as confused."

Drummond cannot give out information on the phone concerning the squad's cases.

"Anyone could call and claim they are 'Mrs. Smith,' wife of deceased Mr. Smith. We ask them to come down to the office or we send a detective out to the house."

Originally Drummond wanted to become a policewoman herself. These hopes were shattered when she first came to the police department as a secretary for the narcotics division.

"I worked three months and realized I liked indoors work. I couldn't see myself handling a gun."

Drummond was disillusioned because she could not understand how people could waste their lives on drugs.

"I was 20 years old when I worked there and I was very naive. One day they brought a man in with a needle stuck in his neck where he was mainlining. I just couldn't accept someone who had to depend on drugs like that."

"I know here I've got it good," she adds with a smile.

A native of Beverly, Mass., Drummond grew up in Rockville, Md. where she attended Perry High School. She completed two years of college at Mt. Union College in Ohio and the University of Maryland.

One of her claims to fame was representing Maryland as the Cherry Blossom Princess in 1970.

She enjoys and has participated in almost any sport. Her husband, Sgt. Eussel Drummond, Jr. serves as a detective in the division. She met him when he came to work for the squad three years after Drummond arrived.

Due to different work hours, Drummond doesn't spend much time with her husband during the week. She says the work doesn't hinder their relationship.

"This is his livelihood. If there were any problems, I would have to leave."

Drummond's "routine tasks" are what she enjoys most about her job.

"I like to work with my own filing system. I also enjoy putting out the monthly reports. It gives a real sense of accomplishment."

Drummond also enjoys working in an all-male office.

"It's not that I dislike women. I just enjoy working with men. They don't have the jealousies women have. Besides, I'm spoiled rotten in this office," she admits.

The area Drummond least enjoys is dealing with murder suspects who come to the office seeking detectives and information.

"Usually you can't tell the difference between them and anyone else. But just knowing this person killed someone two weeks ago really makes me uneasy."

Drummond also dislikes seeing detectives work six to eight hours a day for weeks preparing evidence to convict an offender, then going to court only have judges dismiss a case. She said this frustrates the detectives and wastes time.

"It's disappointing to see these liberal judges dismiss a case. You know two years later this suspect will be out committing another crime," Drummond said.

Drummond sees possibly quitting her job when her husband reaches retirement in ten years. But right now she's content in her position.

"It's hard to say about the future," she said. "All my bosses back me up. They're good to me."

The feeling is definitely mutual. As one detective puts it, "Nancy runs this office."

Her boss, Sgt. Stanley Alexander, says, "She's my right hand man. She's terrific. What I don't know she knows. She's a sweetheart."

The Deputy School Superintendent

IF the DC school system ever functioned perfectly, Edward G. Winner would probably quit his job as deputy superintendent for management services. But because Winner believes the school system will always be a challenge, he continues to serve the system as he has for the past fifteen years.

Winner likes dealing with the school system's squeaky wheels. He oversees the business operation of the system including the budget, buildings and grounds, computers, security, safety and personnel.

"My role is not policy making. My job is to see policies work effectively and efficiently as possible. In a school system that's important. The management aspect has an effect on all agencies. For instance, if a teacher doesn't get his or her pay check they won't teach well. They won't concentrate on their real task."

Winner says many bureaucrats lose sight of their goals.

"There is not a direct incentive in the school system. We don't lose our customers just because we don't have chalk in the classroom. You have to work harder in a bureaucracy because the rewards are more subtle."

When Winner became budget director in 1972, "There was general pandemonium. People working overtime every night. There were personality collapses. Turning that situation around was critical."

He says that it was not his personal style that changed this situation but the whole system working together.

"At the end of the day you felt like you were farther along than at the beginning."

He says one of the most difficult tasks in dealing with a bureaucracy is not to continually condemn the system.

"It's hard not to deal with the negative. You have to remember to say thanks for doing a good job. Sometimes you just have to walk through the office and pat people on the head."

Coming from a family of teachers, Winner never considered not going into the education field.

"I was raised to think teaching was the only honorable profession."

As a youth, Winner spent vacations at his aunt's home watching her teach school.

To Winner, one of the most difficult aspects of teaching is developing contact with each individual.

"You are always in a group situation but your contact is one on one. Children are complex. They are always changing. They are more interesting than older people."

Winner has filled many roles in education. After the armed services, he taught English at a private school and then in 1963 taught at Dunbar High School. He had to leave the profession because he could not support his wife and six children on a teacher's salary.

In 1965, he worked on a federal project supervising impact aid programs. Winner took a leave in 1968 to direct a teacher education program in Nigeria with the Peace Corps. He returned in 1971 and assisted the Board of Education until he was assigned his present position in 1973.

Through his several management positions, Winner has developed two rules for dealing with people.

"The number one rule is not to get upset. I just take a deep breath and don't overreact because that filters down."

Secondly, Winner approaches each problem methodologically, finding the best alternative for getting something done. He does not make extraordinary demands.

"I have to maintain a non-crisis atmosphere. I'm always thinking about a task in a systematic way."

Winner enjoys most seeing things work that didn't work before. "It's the

same satisfaction anyone gets from any job. In a bureaucracy you must remember to get things to work better."

Winner least enjoys working with areas he knows are uncontrollable. He cited the Congress-controlled budget as an example.

"Even in the classroom there are social influences you can't control. I'm an English teacher and I'm at war with TV because they speak a different language," Winner said.

"When the day comes when everything is working right, I'll jump out the window."

Although Winner works primarily with the bureaucracy of the school system he believes the best way to give purpose to his work is by keeping in contact with the students.

He says the heart of teaching is watching the children.

He would like his entire staff to visit schools regularly to get back in touch with children.

"I would like to take our budget analyst to visit the schools to put purpose behind his pushing a pencil all day."

Winner believes this school system will always challenge him to improve it. He intends to meet these challenges as long as they persist.

"It's important to be committed."

The Assistant Director for Logistics

QUINTEN CAREY is assistant director of logistics for the Recreation Department's cultural division. That means arranging for microphones, speakers, dressing rooms and stages for the endless cultural activities sponsored by area non-profit organizations. During the summer, equipment for three to four events daily must be coordinated.

Carey can't be found behind a desk ordering around his 27 employees. He's usually out in the field with extension cords and PA systems, helping set up a show.

Carey begins his day with assignments to his crew heads, ranging from set-ups to maintenance work. The phone rings constantly.

"It's always a panic around here," Carey says.

After completing this deskwork and gulping down an orange juice breakfast, Carey heads for the first performance location.

Today Belgian dancers are performing a noontime concert on the F Street mall. Recreation is providing a dressingroom van and electrical equipment. Carey makes one stop at the place where stage equipment, music wagons and stage lighting are stored. Employees are passing time playing basketball until the arrival of a truckful of opera equipment which must be unloaded and prepared for another performance.

Carey discovers that the dressing room van won't be delivered on time because its battery had been stolen. After locating another battery, Carey drives over to the mall. He arrives at 11:20.

"Now I've got to explain why I'm late, make excuses and get cussed out," Carey says, jumping from his van.

"After so many years of working with performing groups, I learn how to communicate with people. I can't even speak Belgian but I can communicate with these folks," he adds.

The dressing room finally arrives and the show goes on.

Carey thinks performers are sometimes more difficult than their managers.

"Performers don't understand. They are used to first class equipment and we just don't have it."

As a physical education, health and recreation graduate of the University of Delaware, Carey first worked for the recreation department as a summer playground director. In 1969, he became the cultural division's music manager. In 1974 he got his present job. Technically, Carey's work hours are 8:30 to 5:00, weekdays, but Carey can't remember when his week was so short. With evening and weekend performances, Carey is always in demand.

"Time doesn't bother me as long as I get the job done, I'll work my best for anybody," he says.

He enjoys the freedom his position offers him. Originally he was to become a teacher but he couldn't stand to be confined to a 9:00 to 3:00 work schedule.

"I like the freedom. I'm not always behind the desk. Of course you have to put some hours in behind the desk to make the rest of the day work but I like to get out in the fresh air."

Carey enjoys the performing arts and the exposure he gets to them.

"We put on hard rock concerts and opera. You get a chance to see a little of everything."

But he doesn't enjoy last minute assignments popping up after his schedule is set up.

"People think we can serve them with just their once-a-year program but there are two or three thousand block centers with their once-a-year programs," Carey points out.

His grandmother taught him, "If you're going to do something, do it well or don't do it at all. Be proud of what you do." Adds Carey, "I do the best I can with the knowledge I have."

The Belgian dancers just took their last bow before an enthusiastic audience. But Carey isn't there to hear the applause for the show he made possible.

There's a fiftieth wedding anniversary at Northeast Presbyterian Church and Carey is off to help.

(To be continued next month)

Flotsam & Jetsam

British Scrapbook

I SPENT AUGUST in England and Scotland. I did not go there as a reporter. Nor did I go there to find my roots, although I stumbled upon them from time to time — both petrified remains and living semi-cousins. It was a family trip and most of the time we did what families do when they travel: see places you have only read about, eat on speculation and try to find the bathroom. Family trips tend to be either happy or awful; this was a happy one, with no disaster worse than the loss of two instamatic cameras. The nice thing about happy family trips is not just the journey itself, but the synergistic energy that seems so unattainable at home, say, when you are trying to get the kids off for school on a dark February morning. In a foreign land, the forty-year old knows less and the seven-year old can learn things and tell you about them and what you do next has to span to some degree the thirty-three years between.

The family trip has been more than adequately recorded in the long row of yellow boxes that sit at home waiting for the next too-willing neighbor. I am not going to tell you about that, nor about many friends and relations who took us around and in and made us sorry we had not done this before and anxious to do it again. That is family talk. But along the way I took some notes about other things, collected some scraps, and stored some thoughts. I'm not much of a photographer so it'll have to do as my slide show. If someone will turn off the lights and move the screen back a bit. . .

The Wonderful World of Woburn awaits you. . . Woburn Abbey and Park. . . Woburn Wild Animal Kingdom. . . The home of the Dukes of Bedford for over 300 years. (Sign in the underground)

I DIDN'T drive while in Britain because I figured that if I couldn't learn how to cross the street safely, I would be in even greater hazard behind the wheel. It wasn't until three days before we left that an American friend explained how to do it. Larry had taught his children a ditty that goes to the tune of the old Gillette fight song: "First you look right and you'll be all right; then you look left, you won't be bereft." It worked.

THE PROBLEM is not solely caused by the sinistral axis of the traffic system. Save the sparsely spaced zebra crossings the British pedestrian has few friends. I longed for even the driver-ignored "walk" signs of Washington, which at least give one grounds for suit. The anti-pedestrian attitude is so entrenched in London that at many corners the only signals a walker can see are those at a ninety-degree angle to the path of travel. You learn to cross when the taxis stop.

SAFELY inside a vehicle the prospect is nearly as disturbing. There was an old Chevrolet coupe set up in front of a movie screen at a science museum I often visited when I was young. You got inside the Chevy and the movie started. Children darted into the street, an old lady stooped to pick up something as she was crossing, a car shot out of nowhere. You could turn the wheel and jam the brakes and at the end you would get a punch card that would tell you whether you were a safe driver or, by deduction, how many people you had killed that day. Every time I drove in London I felt like I was back in that Chevy. Only it wasn't a movie.

TOURISTS like to talk about English place names that aren't pronounced the way they are spelled. But the ones I liked best are those that welcome you by their mere sight and sound. What evil could possibly befall one in Chipping Norton or Burton on the Wold? Except crossing the street.

BESIDES, English names look good on the front of buses and subways. I like other signs, too. The precise ones like the notice posted in the park, which in 20 column inches of ten point type tells you what you can and can't do there. Clearing blankets is in the latter category.

Then there are the signs that recognize that it helps compliance to know the purpose as well as the language of the law. The rigid prohibition against feeding pigeons in Victoria Station is made less preemptory by reference to the distress the birds have caused to passengers there. On the underground

the signs read: "Obstructing doors causes delays and can be dangerous." And in the office of a turf accountant (the modern euphemism for book-maker) there is the advice: "Please do not ask for credit as refusal often offends."

ALPEN cereal has a special offer for a hairdrier filling the large side of its box. On the slim side it notes that it is "by appointment to the Queen manufacturers of breakfast cereal." Where does the queen get her hairdrier?

LONDON in August is crowded, very crowded. At Regent and Oxford Streets a construction wall makes a tunnel out of the sidewalk. We start to walk through it and then realize we are not walking at all. There are so many people trying to move each way that no one is moving. Someone shoves me and I inch ahead. Some one else pushes me against the wall. I'm stuck. My sons have their heads squeezed between elbows. I have never felt people more. . . . Until we go to Petticoat Lane, the street vendors heaven. It's many blocks long and the people are there again, attempting to move through each other. The task of extricating yourself from the crowd becomes far more absorbing than anything that is for sale. All I want to do is get out. As we approach this objective a sign bobs above the crowd: "The end is near." After we escape we look back at the sign-bearer. The other side of the sign, facing newcomers, reads: "Beware the wrath that lies ahead."

The line is too long to see the Houses of Parliament. There are too many people inside Westminster Abbey to see much of it. They are watching a dozen Maori dancers giving a lunchtime performance. Their music echoes against ancient walls that have seen many centuries of coronations, battles, empires, tourists, and Maori dancers come and go.

But most of the time there were not too many people even though there were more of them, it seemed, than in New York. In New York the buildings as well as the people press in on you. You can not, as you can in much of London, clear the crowds by a glance upwards. London has not sold its sky.

LOUIS HEREN in The Times: "What is not always appreciated is that Washington, for all its recent growth, is a small town with small town ways." What is not always appreciated is that London, for all its size, is many small towns with a large city in their way. Covent Gardens is one of those small towns fighting for its life against the Greater London Council, developers and urban experts. A Covent Gardens Community Association flyer says, "What we want is plumbers, carpenters and electricians and not planners." The pamphlet lists the association's projects:

- Trying to stop a massive office development at Cambridge Circus.
- Setting up. . . short term housing schemes
- Organizing the setting up of a street market in Drury Lane
- Helping local tenants and businesses with various problems like rent issues
- Stopped the widening of Charing Cross Road with the help of the SoHo Society

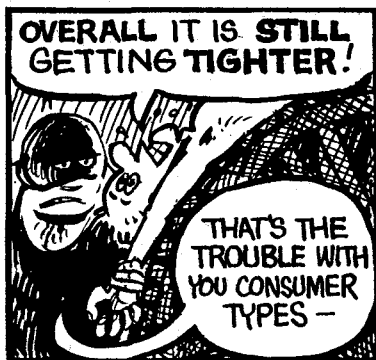
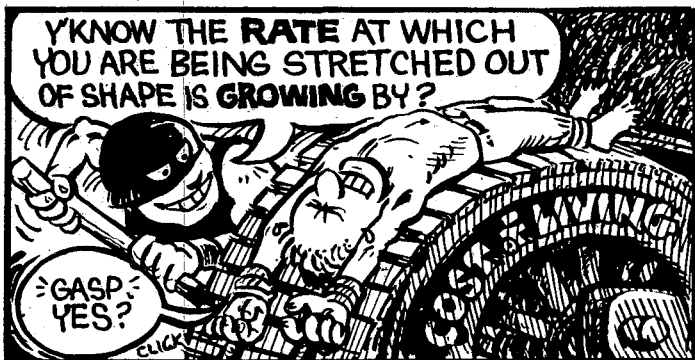
Runs a food co-op
Produced alternative proposals for all the sites in Covent Garden
Help to set up and service Tenant Associations in the area
Jim and Jane Monahan are architects who are among those working to save Covent Gardens. I met Jim when he was living in Washington. He had read the Gazette and I had read the clippings he had sent me over the years and so we sat munching goulash in a neighborhood eatery, the conversation slipping back and forth from Sterling Tucker to the Greater London Council. It wasn't odd because the unity of experience can be stronger than the difference of culture. It may look like Dickens, but it sounds like Washington. Jim took me to see eight flats that the association was renovating with the help of city money. Then he took me to another building, with twenty times as many flats. The government was planning to tear it down.

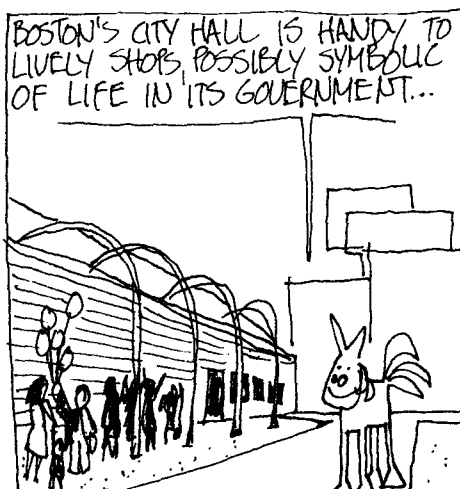
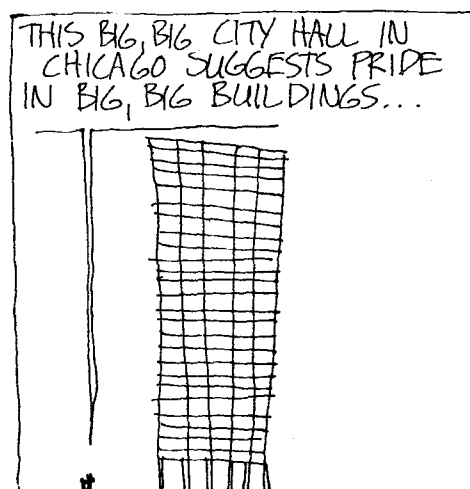
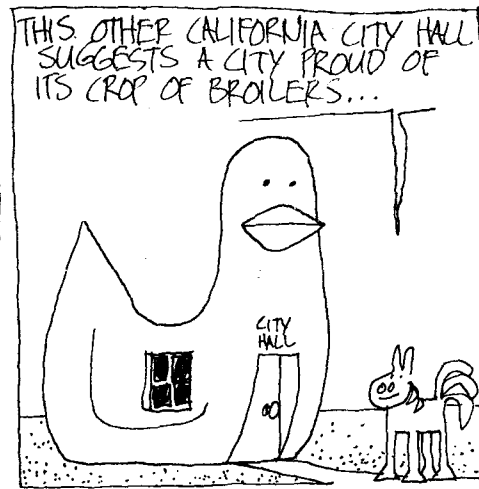
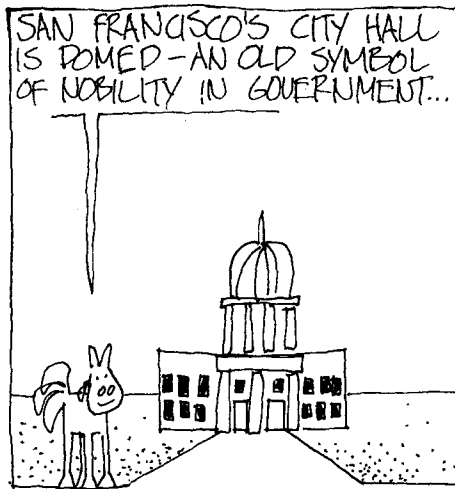
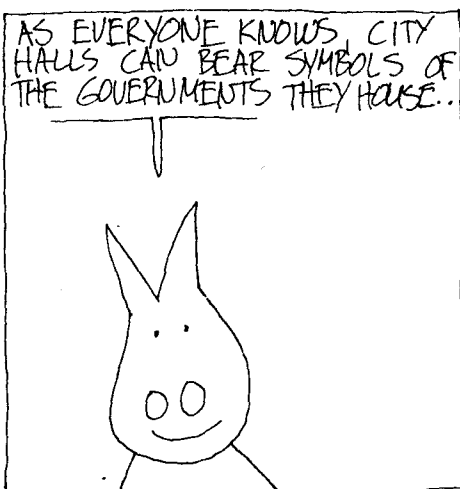
Among other things, the association has brought a garden to Covent Gardens, a terraced playground and green space behind construction walls that someone wants to replace with 200,000 square feet of air-conditioned offices. Neighborhood people changed the sign to offer "200,000 square feet of air-conditioned gardens." The developer didn't think it funny, but finally settled out of court.

WE spent an evening with Jim and Jane and their friends, talking of many things. Among the things we talked about was the frustration of dealing with the governmental agencies that lie and do things behind a community's back. The night before we had been at a dinner where an Oxbridgian publisher, about my age but with the cultivated self-assurance of one much older, had maintained that the government should not be too frank with the people; they wouldn't know how to deal with it.

We had been speaking of foreign policy and the name of Andrew Young had come up. I spoke of my admiration for him and of the refreshing concept of truth as a tool of diplomacy.

I felt as if I had spilled the soup. The publisher discoursed on the need for sophistication in diplomacy and the tested techniques of the profession. I





suggested, in the circuitous manner of a good guest, that the techniques had not borne fruit for the British Empire. The topic changed.

THE English don't seem to like children as much as Americans do. Or at least they seem to like dogs and gardens better. I'm not talking about people you know. They react to children with all the variety you would find at home. But on the street, in shops, and on signs, one senses antipathy, even fear. Children are not allowed to play in areas where dogs are permitted. People will stop to pet a strange dog on the street, but I can only think of one time that I heard a stranger say anything friendly to our children. We were at 10 Downing Street taking the traditional photo in the doorstep. A street-cleaner told the kids they would be prime minister one day.

ABOUT THAT photo on the doorstep at 10 Downing Street. You can't do that here. We're too inclined to kill our presidents. It doesn't do much good to kill a prime minister; to destroy the government you'd have to assassinate its majority in Parliament and it's much easier to force an election. I think there should be a doorstep test for democracies. America would fail, because our government has become singular instead of plural. America is a fading democracy with monarchical pretensions. Britain is a fading monarchy with democratic pretensions.

I ONCE TOOK A COURSE FROM a visiting British professor. He gave us a final exam in which you could answer either three hour-long questions or one three-hour question. One of the hour questions was: "The House of Lords is both indefensible and indispensable. Discuss." The three hour question was: "Who governs Britain?"

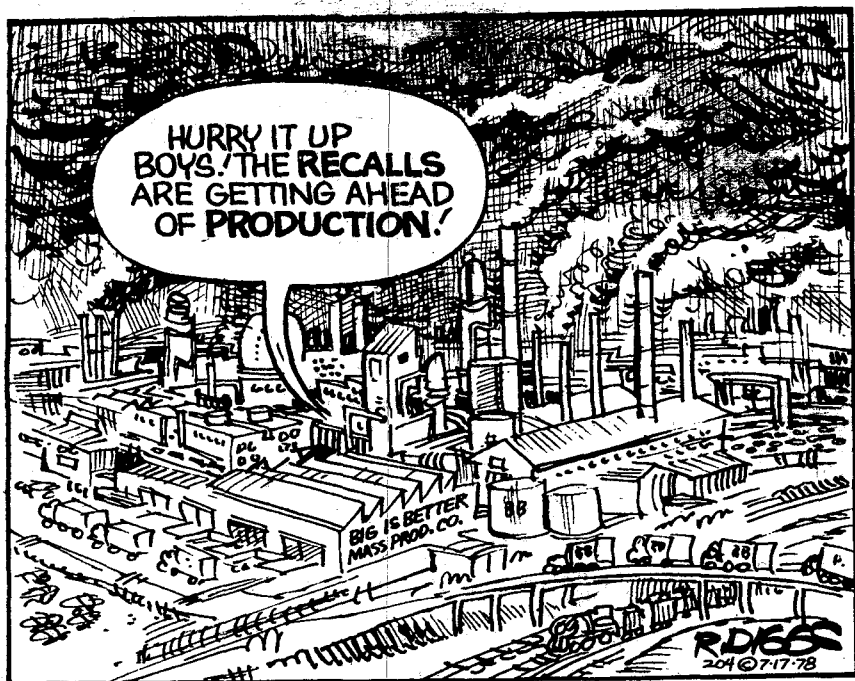
It was hard enough for three hours; for the British it's a lifelong task. But I think that one difference between an old country like Britain and a newer country like the US is that in Britain the turmoil has become institutionalized. When Washington's Metro drivers staged a wildcat strike, the editorialists of the Washington Post were furious and the public was incensed. We are a country with immense pride in our technology and systems; when we are deprived of them many feel betrayed. While I was in London the tube workers began having wildcat walkouts. Some passengers staged a sit-down to protest, but mostly they just muttered and muddled through it. The British are used to being deprived. One strike more or less doesn't seem to change things much. Who governs Britain? I never did find out. It may be no one. If that's true, it doesn't work that badly. Lack of coherent government may be just one more shortage to get through the best one can.

OF COURSE, that's the reputation of the British, indomitable spirit and all that. But they don't feel indomitable. Or they say they don't. They are edgy over the future. The people who slept in the underground during World War II are approaching retirement age. Among their heirs are teen-agers with dyed orange hair, awkward high shoes, unmatched socks and with rings in male ears. The place is still tidy but the culture no longer is. In some quarters people blame this on the government having assumed too much responsibility for individual survival, but if you look around, compare the wages being offered in the employment agency windows against the cost of things, watch how people save items we call "trash" you sense this isn't really the problem. People still have to work, often painfully hard, to survive, but like many urban Americans they must do so in a society in which the progress that has been gained from the modern corporation and state has been paid for by the retreat of institutions that once shared their purpose: family, church and community. Now when the former fail, there is often nowhere to turn but oneself.

This has happened to Americans, too, but there may be a difference. Americans have always had a distrust of the state. Our constitution is a skeptic's charter. And there is a strong stream of American thought, both on the left and right, that has resisted centralized power in whatever guise. This has complicated our dealing with economic and social problems. It has slowed us down: how many "advanced" countries are still trying to devise a national health scheme? Yet it also has given us an opportunity to find ways in which society can care without debilitating at the same time. We are taking too long, but I think we are arguing about the right things.

DURING OUR VISIT a large number of tourists, including many young Americans, tried to return home on the same cheap-fare flights that had promiscuously brought them to England. The planes weren't there and the would-be travelers filled airport waiting areas and then spilled over into queues of tents and make-shift plastic shelters along London streets. It was magnificently organized, broken into groups of 250 and subgroups of eight. Two people in each of the Lakerville subgroups had to stay by their shelters to maintain a place in the queue. I remarked to an American friend who had lived long in England that the Americans were acting like I always thought the English behaved. "What do you mean?" she said. "The English haven't acted like that in years."

LOUIS HEREN on Washington in The Times: "Good restaurants and bookshops are few and, despite the later pretensions of the Kennedy Centre, the cultural life does not compare with that of New York, Paris or even Moscow."



THERE will always be an England as long as the correspondent for The Times can speak disparagingly of Washington commercial food. It's a little like a mafioso complaining about crime in the streets. It's not that the restaurant food in England is uniformly bad — it isn't — but people don't seem to recognize the difference between good and bad. I think this is because tradition, as in many other things, is so deeply entwined with taste. You eat something because it is traditional — not because it is delicious.

Someone could do the British a favor by identifying for them their culinary assets. For example, kidneys in gravy are a favorite of mine but I rarely found them. The availability of fresh vegetables should be exhalted. Even the humble Cornish pasty is a happier snack than a Big Mac. And the accompaniment to afternoon tea, of course, is a constant delight. But the good is mixed indiscriminately with the bad, seasoned by a herbal Scrooge. A superb shortcake is placed alongside by the delectable fruitcake for tea; and even respectable restaurants serve Scotch eggs.

I found that I grew fond of the ubiquitous cold sausage and the Corona lemonade is a more thirst-quenching and less burp-provoking version of 7-UP. I will, however, insist that there is nothing to be said for tepidity in beer and as for the flatness of bitters, I have it on authority from a Scottish brewer that the origin of that cultural peculiarity stems from the old tax structure on beer and not from consumer research & development.

I FOUND in Britain four water fountains. One serves ice cold water. It is in the dining hall of Magdalen College at Oxford. The fountain is for filling glasses so you have to bend over to drink out of it.

We found the fountain with the aid of an ex-Rhodes scholar who was showing us around Oxford. When he was a student there he had an acquaintance of scientific bent who set out to find the warmest place at their college during the winter months. It turned out to be my friend's room. It was 55 degrees.

WE WENT TO four plays in London and Edinburgh. Two were good and two were bad. One of the good ones was by Shakespeare. One of the bad ones was by Stoppard. Seeking culture, in Washington or London or Moscow, is a sophisticated form of gambling.

WE WENT to four plays, one musical review, one opera, one operetta and one choral work while we were in London and Edinburgh. Four of these productions were too long. The opera, by Debussy, lasted close to four hours. The British are traditionally very patient. Tom Stoppard is a modern British playwright. His play was too short. It got good reviews even though it wasn't very good. The British may be losing their patience.

HERE are some things from The Times not written by its Washington correspondent:

• Sir, Two correspondents in your columns have recently propounded opposite views about General Wingate in Burma. The first (July 31) eulogized his strategic sense, and the success of his Chindit expeditions in aid of Slim's 14th Army operations, whilst Mr. Rhodes James (August 5) held that the actions had no lasting effect and seriously questioned the cost effectiveness of Chindit 2. The truth of the matter, so well told by Slim in his *Defeat into Victory*, and strongly reaffirmed by Ronald Lewin in his biography of that commander, lies. . . . (From a letter to The Times)

• We'd hate anybody who has been to a public school to get the idea that the (Army Officer) Board is prejudiced against them.

So if you went to Eton don't waste time hanging around the East End trying to pick up the accent. And the converse is true if you happen to come from the East End. The Board isn't interested in your style of speech. But it will be keenly interested in what you have to say. (From an ad for the Army Officer Selection Board)

• Sir, News that a pet shop in England is to sell tropical cockroaches reminds me that many years ago in Africa I was obliged to occupy a house that was infested with those creatures. There were large, loathsome, agile and unhygienic, and their movements in the roof at night made one think that horses were up there. Those who contemplate 'keeping' these prolific pests should reflect on the probable consequences not only to themselves but also to their

neighbours, and they should consider 'The Rule in *Tylands v Fletcher*': the occupier of land who brings and keeps upon it anything likely to do mischief if it escapes is bound, at his peril, to prevent its escape, and is liable for all the direct consequences of its escape, even if he has been guilty of no negligence. Yours faithfully. E.M. Hall, 6 Fair Mile, Henley on Thames, Oxfordshire.

IF YOU LOOK HIGH enough up on the large grimy building in downtown London you'll see a sign: "Government of Rhodesia." The building is vacant.

THERE ARE lots of signs telling you not to litter. There are few litter cans. There is little litter. I was told that some planners think litter cans encourage litter.

I WATCHED a small flotilla of police cars rush up to the Monument underground station. A score of cops went into the station. None were armed, not even with billy clubs, and I saw no handcuffs. They traveled light, there were a lot of them and they ran fast. American cops run like knights, weighed down by the armor of their technology.

Murder is not as popular there as here and killing a policeman is still considered bad form even by many criminals. Still, London is bothered by its crime. Posters warn against pickpockets, some alleged to have been imported from as far away as Australia to prey on the city's tourists. In the underground there are specific instructions as to what to do if you find an untended parcel. The first is: don't touch it. The sign doesn't say so but it might be a bomb.

As here, more than half those arrested for crimes are under 21 and the crime detection rate is low. As here, the commissioner of police denies on television that people have lost confidence in the police. As here, he says, "I do not want a police state, but I am certain that I speak for the majority of society today when I say I do not want a society ruled by criminals. We want a balance in the middle somewhere."

The commissioner wants the police to be able to hold someone for 72 hours before they see a lawyer or are charged. This has upset civil liberties groups in England. The papers don't seem too upset. No one mentioned the proposal to me, one way or the other.

HERE is a British joke I heard on television: A taxi drives through a red light. Passenger complains. Driver says: "Don't worry, me brother does that all the times." It happens again, driver says the same thing. Taxi approaches a green light and comes to a screeching halt. Why, asks the passenger, do you run through a red light and stop at the green? Says the driver: "Me brother might be coming the other way."

THE SIGNS in the underground prohibit buskers and street musicians. They play anyway. Some were arrested and staged a protest outside a police station. One of the musicians had brought a bathtub in which he sat singing, covered by fruits and vegetables. In Edinburgh during the festival, mimes, clowns and people in boy scout outfits approach you on the street with flyers and snippets of their act, hoping you will attend it. Youths of punk persuasion wander through Harrod's. And Tommy Steele plays the role of the jester in "Yeoman of the Guards" at the Tower of London and takes the show. Gilbert always wanted his songs clearly enunciated but most of the cast is classically trained so the words get lost. You can understand everything Steele sings. It's a metaphor, perhaps. A country in which the establishment mumbles and those on the outside are explicit, sometimes garishly so.

ARE THE inconsistencies of British culture simply more obvious when seen with foreign eyes? Or is it that the crowding of the isle force punk and patrician onto the same streets and into the same buildings with more frequency than in America, where there is enough space to keep our incongruities concealed behind ghetto curtains, in a Village, Harlem, Little Italy or Newport?

Maybe, but there may be no other country that has become as socialistic as Britain while retaining as much class consciousness. Even its legislature pays homage to this cultural bifurcation.

The British talk about class more than we do. They just don't do anything about it. Americans don't talk about it but are always trying to do something about it. Here, we treat class, like everything else, as a commodity. We can create a new elite at the drop of an article in the *Post Style* section. Class is an expression of our existential spirit, a product of our wills. That's why George McGovern got into so much trouble with his proposals to limit income and wealth. He was putting the screws, in the American mythology, to everyone.

IN BRITAIN it is different. I surveyed bookstores. I found few books on self-improvement. An American bookstore would be out of business. I asked someone about this and was told: "The British know who they are and they're not going to be anything else."

THERE WERE also few books on running, but lots on squash, cricket and sailing. I did not see many runners in Britain. Several times I pumped iron at London gyms. At one, the other lifters included several Arabs and a Canadian. A handful of English were doing mild calisthenics. There were scarcely a dozen people in another large health club downtown in London at lunch hour. At my club here, there's a line for the bench press at noon. I mentioned aerobics to one of the trainers. He had never heard of it.

A British friend went jogging on a state school playground. He was chased off by the custodian.

The health club trainer told me, "The English aren't interested in anything to do with health."

WE MISSED THE TRAIN to Oxford, so we caught another and changed at Didcot. We arrived in Oxford only a few minutes after we had originally intended. Coming into Waterloo station I counted three other trains coming in and three going out. We went to Edinburgh by train at 125 m.p.h. Anything on wheels in Britain works very well.

A NUMBER of people mentioned The Bomb to me. I heard more concern about American defense strategy than I do at home. And a government official asked me what I thought of the state of the "special relationship" between Britain and America. I said I hadn't heard the phrase for a number of years. I think it was during the Eisenhower administration.

DES WILSON used to run a catalytic housing program called Shelter. He is a journalist who has written for the Observer, contributes to the Illustrated London News and has authored two books on England's dispossessed. He ran for Parliament and lost and today edits a magazine for social workers.

Des Wilson is the sort of British journalist who comes to Washington for a few days and has lunch with Dick Jones on 14th Street, writes about DC's lack of self-government, and goes to Nashville, Memphis and New Orleans to find American culture. He likes our chain food. And baseball.

Des Wilson knows that culture is not just the gargoyles on the walls of society, but what's within; that the quality of housing is as indicative of a culture as the quality of its opera hall and that people should care about it and not enough do. He knows because he's tried to get them to care.

Des lives now in the strikingly gentle village of Bewdley where we lounged around his cottage listening to country & western, watched cricket in the silence of a country summer afternoon and walked to a tiny pub to fill a gallon mug with half bitter and half mild for a friend who would nearly finish it before the evening was over. In the morning I stepped out of the door and looked down a winding hill into the village center and smoke came out of ancient chimneys through a mist and the bell of the church sounded its call as it always had. It was the way things were supposed to be. But during the week Des commutes to Birmingham, a city so consistently commercial that even the ticket agent was curious why we were going there. Des shuttles between two Englands, one full of anxious, bustling incertitude; the other of serene stability. God made the country, the Pennsylvania Dutch say, and the devil made the towns.

The word Des used to describe some of what he didn't like about England today was "mediocrity." I heard the phrase a number of times during our trip from people of different classes and different values. Mediocrity sounds worse when it is pronounced as the English do it — with a short "e." Bewdley, though, is not mediocre because the English, who may have lost their cities to a bureaucratic oil spill that lies over the hopes of those who wish to change things or merely change themselves, have treated their countryside with profound affection. There is no need for a "back to the land" movement in England; they understand that while all else may go, the land must be saved and cared for. At the Barbican, a Watergate-type complex in London, tall sunflowers sprouted from balconies. A traffic circle is beautifully planted. The grass is carefully mowed around the ruins of an abbey. And in Bewdley, a plot was afoot to stop the heavy lorries from rumbling past the rickety



"AND THAT'S YOU WHEN YOU WERE ONLY ONE DAY OLD"



walls of its past. In America, we have had to relearn the value of our land; in England people, urban and rural, pointed with most pride not to what they were doing now, but to what nature and history had given and they had been smart enough not to destroy.

AT the Tower of London, a guard, under his busby, winked at a woman.

AS THE TRAIN PULLED into Edinburgh, a man across the aisle asked whether it was our first visit. We said, yes, and he said, "I hope you notice the difference between Scotland and England."

That was the first thing different I noticed about Scotland. An Englishman would not have said that to a stranger.

But the Scots are northern people and like the ones I've met in Maine and Brittany, don't overburden themselves with circumlocutions. An American feels at home with the directness.

THE SCOTS have different money, too. It is much more attractive than English money although I was told that there was a time when you had trouble using Scottish money in England. At one English store, the clerk refused my Irish five pence but took the Scottish money. English notes smell.

THE SCOTS are supposed to be making a lot of money out of oil. I didn't see any sign of this affluence in Edinburgh, which strikes one as a city where people work hard for what they get. I did see an oil rig being towed out to sea. We were at the ruins of a castle which had been built in defense against the English. I sat on a bench beside the old castle and watched the new one being placed within its moat.

AT HOLYROOD PALACE we were shown the spot where Mary Queen of Scots' secretary was stabbed 57 times. At the other end of High Street, in Edinburgh Castle, we were shown where, long ago, some guests were invited to dinner and then murdered. In between the castle and palace, also on High Street, is the Edinburgh Wax Museum. The royal family is there, but so are a number of villains of Scottish history and in the basement is a House of Horrors that includes some locally derived tableaux. No one showed us where anyone got murdered in England.

THERE is a Scottish Nationalist Party in Scotland. In Ireland there is an IRA. At Nottingham there was a racial disturbance. People didn't talk much about these things in England. People did talk about the Arabs. They don't like them.

HERE IS ONE LAST THING I haven't told you about Britain. I liked it. I should, I guess, since I have a special relationship with it. All of my ancestors came from somewhere on these isles and there are living branches that share one-thirty-second or one-sixty-fourth of my roots and our families have retained ties that one would expect only of closer kin. I saw Britain not only as a tourist but as an American cousin.

What I saw was not as bleak as many of the British seemed to think. Of course I only lived there a month; but it was long enough to find what might be an adequate metaphor for what is happening there. One can not visit castles, ancient churches, and remnants of empire and glory without a sense of deterioration. Nor can you read a newspaper without a similar sense. But England has been deteriorating for centuries. And it is perhaps like Malcolm Muggeridge said when someone told him Punch wasn't as good as it used to be. "No," he replied, "it never was."

America is gaining a sense of deterioration, but it's only a few decades old. We have not yet learned how to live with decay, let alone grow with it. We still regard recycling as the idealist's totem rather than, as in Britain, a necessity. Britain does not preserve its past simply out of nostalgia but because it can not afford to do otherwise. I had to learn to bring my own paper bag to the grocery store and the Duke of Bedford had to learn to run a wild animal kingdom to support the family estate.

It struck me that Britain really might be the world's largest compost heap, a pile of decaying matter that just sits there until someone takes a shovel and spades some of it out and spreads it so that something can grow again. A society that can no longer flourish by exploiting the resources of an empire but which must recreate itself out of itself.

America seems to be headed this way as well, as our potential for exploitation dries up. We, too, may have to recycle ourselves as well as our aluminum cans. Let's hope we do as well.

— SAM SMITH

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